

I got to Cheyenne no gold could ~~haxfunt~~ I find  
I thought of the loved ones I'd left far behind  
Through the rain hail and sleet nearly froze to the gills  
So they called me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.  
(Or, I felt like etc)

Cho.- Don't go away, stay at home if you can,  
Stay away from that city they call it Cheyenne  
For old Sitting Bull and Comanche Bills  
They will lift you r hair on the dreary Black Hills.

The round house at Cheyenne is full every night  
of loafers and bummers of most every plight  
In their backs is few clothes in their pockets no bills  
Each day they keep starting for the dreary Black Hills.

*D. Cooper*

Mr. Lummis: Have you ever run  
across this song or any fragment of it?  
It is genuine poetry and I should  
like to see the complete version.

*J.A.S.*